

THE ACADEMY

WITH WHICH ARE INCORPORATED LITERATURE AND THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by LORD ALFRED BRUCE DOUGLAS

No. 1903

OCTOBER 24, 1908

PRICE THREEPENCE

"SCORPIO."

By J. A. CHALONER.

"... He prides himself on the fact that he is a hard and terrible hitter. Indeed, he assures us that he has come to the conclusion that you can put a wicked man 'to sleep' with a sonnet in pretty much the same way that a prize-fighter puts his opponent to sleep with a finished blow. And not only does Mr. Chaloner believe in what we may term the sonnetorial fist, but he believes also in whips and scorpions, for the cover of his book is decorated with an angry-looking seven-thonged scourge, and he dubs the whole effort 'Scorpio.' So that when we look to the fair page itself we know what to expect. Nor are we disappointed. Mr. Chaloner goes to the opera. Being a good poet, he immediately writes a sonnet about it, the which, however, he calls 'The Devil's Horseshoe.' We reproduce it for the benefit of all whom it may concern:—

A fecund sight for a philosopher—
Rich as Golconda's mine in lessons rare—
That gem-bedeizen'd "horse-shoe" at th' Opera,
Replete with costly hags and matrons fair!
His vociferous doth Mammon there array,
His Amazonian Phalanx dread to face!

Figuratively speaking, we (Palmetto Press) might add that Mr. Chaloner steps forward as the champion of Shakespeare's memory, and lands, with the force of a John L. Sullivan, upon the point of the jaw of Mr. G. B. SHAW, owing to the latter's impertinent comments upon Shakespeare.

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To Mammon there do they their homage pay;
Spangl'd with jewels, satins, silks and lace,
Crones whose old bosoms in their corsets creak;
Beldames whose slightest glance would fright a horse;
Ghouls—when they speak one hears the grave-mole squeak—
Their escorts *farvenus* of feature coarse.
A rich array of Luxury and Vice!
But, spite of them, the music's very nice!

"Here you have whips, scorpions, and a knock-out blow with a vengeance! The sonnet as a whole is not one which we can approve from a technical or a sentimental point of view, but it has points. Henley might have plumed himself on that line about the creaking corsets, and the last line, a *L'air de force* in its way, reminds us of the withering ironies of Byron. It is only fair to Mr. Chaloner to add that not all his sonnets are concerned with back-biting. . . . Some of them show the tenderer emotions proper to a poet. We like him best, however, in his character as metrical bruiser. . . . His book is well worth possessing."—THE ACADEMY, August 8, 1908.

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CONTENTS

	Page		Page
Life and Letters	387	Style in Criticism	395
Magnum Sicut Mare Lamentatio Mea	389	Holly, Yew, and Box	396
The King and the Democracy	389	Herculaneum	396
The Tepid Tales of Conan Doyle	391	The Minor Muse	397
Literature and the Bucket-shops	392	Fiction	397
Old Gardening	393	The Way of the World	399
Reviews :		Correspondence	401
Army Recollections	394	Books Received	401
The English Muse in Holland	395	Autumn Announcements: IV.	403

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LIFE AND LETTERS

It seems that the announcement recently made by the *New Age* that the volatile Mr. Orage is to have the assistance in his editorial duties of that "peerless boy" Mr. Victor Grayson, of broken-bottle fame, has not had the effect hoped for. This week we are treated to a lachrymose appeal from Mr. Orage for financial assistance to keep the *New Age* on its legs. He informs us that the *New Age* has been losing £20 a week, which, considering that from the appearance of the paper it should not cost more than about £10 a week to print and produce, goes to show that its circulation must be quite abnormally small. To do Mr. Orage justice, he makes no attempt to conceal his gloomy forebodings about the future of the paper, and his worst enemy could not accuse him of any attempt to inveigle the public into the *New Age* Company by specious arts. According to his own showing there is little or no money to be had out of the *New Age*. When you have paid the paper merchant's and the printer's bills and handed out sufficient cash to enable the hungry contributors to appease their natural appetites in the restaurants of Soho, you are left with a considerable deficit; and if somebody doesn't speedily turn up who is prepared to produce that £20 or so a week for the honour and glory of keeping the *New Age* alive, the *New Age* will die. This is a sad state of affairs, and we have felt so touched by Mr. Orage's piteous appeal that, if he cares to avail himself of our offer, we could not find it in our hearts to refuse to oblige the *New Age* to the extent of, say, "half-a-james."

The announcement of the impending retirement of Sir Douglas Straight from the position of editor of the *Pall-Mall Gazette* will not cause any great flutterings in the dovescotes of journalism. Sir Douglas Straight has edited the *Pall-Mall Gazette* since 1896, and during the whole of that time the paper has retained its level of respectable mediocrity. To have control of a paper with a large

circulation belonging to a very rich man for twelve years without making any sort of mark either on the paper itself or on contemporary journalism is, we suppose, a sort of feat. It is not exactly the kind of feat we should wish to emulate; but, on the principle that happy is the nation that has no history, we suppose that Sir Douglas Straight may be congratulated on his editorship. Whether Mr. Astor is to be congratulated or not is quite another matter. Personally, if we owned a paper that was being run as a sort of intellectual hobby we should be disposed to clamour for a little "fun for our money;" but possibly Mr. Astor looks on the *Pall-Mall* merely as a sort of discipline. If so, we admire him for it. One of the hardest lessons which millionaires have to learn is the task of paying-up and looking pleasant. Mr. Astor has succeeded admirably in doing both; long may he continue to do so.

Mr. Spender, too, has, we understand, left the *Westminster Gazette*, and, while in a sense we are sorry, we think that Mr. Spender is to be congratulated. Mr. Spender, unlike Sir Douglas Straight, did make a distinct mark on his paper and on contemporary journalism. Under his editorship the paper became very readable and lively, and as long as his party was in Opposition the *Westminster Gazette* was easily the best evening paper. That it went all to pieces when the Liberal party came into office was scarcely Mr. Spender's fault. The fact is that it is quite impossible for any man of parts to pretend to approve of and support the present Government unless he be a Socialist at heart. Mr. Spender is not a Socialist, and accordingly his support of the Government's violently Socialistic and anti-Liberal policy never had the ring of truth about it. We pity the position of any man of Mr. Spender's intellectual attainments who is called upon to pump up day after day enthusiasm over such pieces of sheer, ghastly imbecility as the Licensing Bill and the Education Bills of Mr. Birrell, Mr. McKenna, and Mr. Runciman. The thing simply cannot be done with any show of conviction except by a wild crank and faddist. Consequently Mr. Spender, not being a wild crank or a faddist, failed to do it, and "small blame to him." More than a year ago, before we had the slightest inkling of the impending change in the proprietorship of the *Westminster Gazette*, we pointed out that Mr. Spender's position was bound to become untenable. Events have proved that we were quite right. We usually are, as the Suffragettes and the Socialists, not to mention certain publishers, have discovered to their cost.

A correspondent has written taking us to task for our reference a week or two ago to "Rossetti's doubtful sheaf" of sonnets. We are quite aware that in using such words we were flying in the face of commonly-received opinion, and we are only surprised that not more than one correspondent has challenged us. Our correspondent's friendly letter is marked "private," and we are, accordingly, precluded from printing it in our columns; but we may say that he does not enter into any reasoned defence of Rossetti's sonnets. He simply expresses surprise at our "heretical" views. The matter is one that cannot be disposed of in a note, and we intend in a future issue to devote to it at least one article. In the meanwhile, we will content ourselves with saying that, in spite of Rossetti's generally smooth perfection of form, we do not consider that he ever wrote one really great sonnet, one sonnet, that is to say, which stirs the soul and grips the heart in the way which the sonnets of Wordsworth, at his best, and Keats and Milton do. Rossetti was a great poet, and we yield to no one in our admiration of him. Even if he had written nothing but "The Blessed Damozel," he would be entitled to undying fame; but his sonnets, though they never fall below a distinguished level, seem to us to fail in that terrific onslaught on the emotions which should characterise the great sonnet. Personally, we would give the whole lot of them in exchange for

Wordsworth's sonnet "On Westminster Bridge," or the one beginning "It is a beauteous evening, calm and free."

T.P.'s Literary Help Editor is exceedingly waggish in the current issue of Mr. O'Connor's "Literary Journal." To "Hexagon"—Phœbus, what a pseudonym!—he writes: "Your 'Peter Pan' verses, on the whole, are admirable, though why, when you can give us such really polished and dainty lines, should you make sudden breaks in your metre? Line five of the first stanza requires another foot, and line six of stanza two is half a foot too long. You might cut the word 'your,' which would bring this line to rhythm. In the next line, also, you must delete 'away.' The 'paraphrase' I do not so much like, though poetic feeling is certainly evident. There is a suggestion of Browning in it, and to imitate Browning is fatal to a young writer. 'Peter Pan' might well find its way into print, either in one of the monthlies or in certain of the better weeklies or evening journals." We should think so indeed! It is well known that the "monthlies and certain of the better weeklies or evening journals" delight in poetry which is short of feet or over supplied with them, and particularly do they relish "suggestions" of Browning. A poet who writes really polished and dainty lines with such blemishes in them is clearly admirable in the extreme, and "Hexagon" cannot complain that T.P.'s failed to give him a good shillingworth of "Help."

"A. B.," on the other hand, is informed that his "story would have been both charming and successful in the dim, dim days of the mid-Victorian period." Nevertheless, he is assured that he "can write" and that he "can tell a story," but that he "must be more judicious in his choice of theme and less crude in his sentiment." Finally the ingenious Help Editor remarks: "You have ability, and if you would study modern fiction and the magazines you ought to turn out acceptable stories before very long." So that "A. B." will no doubt apply himself forthwith to the study of modern fiction and the magazines and produce his "acceptable stories before very long," and live sweetly out of the chance guineas of Messrs. Harmsworth and Pearson and die happy—blessing T. P. and the Help Editor with his latest breath. The prospect is stupendous! It fires the imagination and stirs the blood and makes one glad to be alive. We shall watch "A. B.'s" future career—given of course suitable opportunities—with great interest. A fictionist whose work would have been both "charming and successful in the dim, dim days of the mid-Victorian period" likes us well. Let him be encouraged. If he would have been "charming and successful" when Thackeray and Dickens and Trollope and Meredith and "Ouida" were still writing, not to mention Carlyle and Tennyson and Browning and Ruskin and Mathew Arnold, he need have no anxieties as to his ultimate triumph in this bright, bright age of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Mr. Le Queux.

Many of our contemporaries regard Mr. Asquith as sanguine that a solution of the Education question will be found in the Government's new Bill. We do not share these hopes, even if Mr. Asquith cherishes them—a point which his recent utterances leave open to doubt. As we have before remarked, the "Nonconformist" party does not desire the redress of the grievances under the late Act of which the Passive Resisters complain. If the Resisters' "conscientious" objections had any general semblance of sincerity, and the "Nonconformist" party cared one jot for religious liberty, these grievances might have been removed long ago, for no one has ever desired to maintain them. The "Nonconformist" party, on the contrary, has been deliberately preserving them to serve as a point of vantage from which to gain the only sort of liberty which it values—the power to inflict grievances on others. No settlement of the Education question will be acceptable to

it which does not give it that power. The irresponsible members of the party, egged on by Mr. Lloyd George when out of office and further encouraged by Mr. McKenna's actions when in office, have repeatedly and loudly proclaimed this object. It is not surprising that those who desire, above all things, to keep the present Government in power now endeavour to discount the force of these rash disclosures. In order that the Liberal party may continue to exist as a power at all, it is forced to endure the play upon Liberal principles of principles diametrically opposed to them—the exclusive and despotic principles of the new Fifth Monarchy men, once openly advocated, and now more secretly encouraged within the fastnesses of the Cabinet.

No one supposes that Mr. Asquith is an exception to the general rule among Nonconformists who have attained to political eminence. Political experience and social intercourse plane down the religious knots of Nonconformity, and, in the matter of education particularly, incline to the acceptance of the best education procurable, whether it be of a Church of England complexion or not. No one thinks that a Nonconformist statesman of experience is still swayed by the Sunday-school or pulpit dicta of the "Dr." Clifford of his youth. No one has suggested that Mr. Asquith's religious opinions are such as to have impelled him to interdict the recent Eucharistic procession on religious grounds. But it has suited the policy of his Liberal supporters, and even of the Vatican, to accept the fiction that he interdicted it in fear of a breach of the peace organised by the Protestant Alliance. Considering the permissive attitude of the Home Office and the confidence of the police to maintain order, it is incredible that Mr. Asquith could have been influenced by the boasts of a non-political association anxious to advertise its power to break the peace with impunity. The Vatican, at least, is too old a bird to be caught by any snare laid in its sight, however much it may appear to confide in it; nor is it likely that the Irish party is deceived either. Mr. Asquith's amazing blunder in attempting to make a catspaw of Dr. Bourne will rather serve to emphasise to the Irish the wide cleavage between Liberal and "Nonconformist" principles in the Government party. We have not the least doubt that Mr. Asquith risked the loss of Irish support, and received his lesson at Newcastle, not out of consideration for the Protestant Alliance, but in order to prolong the patience of those Fifth Monarchy men, who now drive Mr. Lloyd-George and Mr. McKenna, and are called, to the indignation of large numbers of religious Nonconformists, the "Nonconformist" party. The failure of the Government up to now to endow Welsh Nonconformity with revenues of the Church of England, to formally establish and endow a new Nonconformity in the schools, and the positive endowment of a Roman Catholic University in Ireland have naturally exasperated men who have been encouraged by Cabinet Ministers raised to power by their means to expect speedily that domination and endowment which they claim, in their own illusory language, by Divine right. We have seen that the Liberal Press has been forced, to its honour, to criticise the Prime Minister severely, in defence of Liberal principles. To such straits is the Liberal party reduced by its monstrous concubinage with Caliban.

Mr. Asquith has just been subjected again to a lecture from "Dr." Clifford. Even Dr. Clifford seems at least to realise that Fifth Monarchy aspirations have been too rashly disclosed, that the general public are slowly discovering the true significance of Fifth Monarchy phraseology, in which the term "Religious Liberty" means Sectarian Domination, and "Conscience" a political trick. He is awakening to the fact that the term "Nonconformist Conscience" is a term of opprobrium. He finds himself forced at length to express himself more explicitly. Like

other champions of the Scriptures, he ignores the fact that the Church of England orders four portions to be read in public daily, and actually reads them when emancipated from Nonconformist interference, while Nonconformist chapels are open but seldom in the week, and are mainly devoted to the oratory of their ministers. But it has been Dr. Clifford's custom to contend loudly for "the Bible in the schools," expurgated of course of such passages as are too outspoken on fleshly subjects for children's ears. He now no longer advocates the teaching of the Bible, but of "selections from the Bible," in fact what those who understand Fifth Monarchy language have always understood him to intend. Dr. Clifford's selections from the Bible, passages of which he, Dr. Horton, and Dr. Fairbairn do not disapprove, which Mr. Campbell may be induced to swallow if he will only mitigate his candour and consent to play the game.

Apropos of the "persecution" which is the modern Fifth Monarchy man's most valuable stock-in-trade, "Dr." Clifford and his associates are always careful to keep in the background the superior liberties which they enjoy over the prelatic clergy of the Church of England. While the latter are debarred from any form of trade and from the House of Commons, the Fifth Monarchy men are free to obtain in any way they please that respectable competency which they seem to regard as the proof of the Almighty's favour, to be numbered among the sages divinely elected by popular vote to the House of Commons, and even by the lucrative stages of the Law or Commerce to sit on or beside an assuredly Protestant Woolsack with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the House of Lords. It is true that those Nonconformist ministers who have passed beyond the stages of intermediate education usually prefer the less controversial audience of a generous congregation, and those who have not made such advances are shy of testing the divine vote. Nevertheless, the law makes them as capable of legislation as it can, while it as carefully excludes the clergy of the Church of England. The enjoyment of this civil superiority is itself a secret grievance to the Fifth Monarchy mind. It marks an inferiority of which the Fifth Monarchy men—like all who loudly assert an equality which no one is concerned to deny—are painfully conscious. It incidentally emphasises the importance of Protestant Sectarianism in its original sphere, Religion and the profound disinterest of the rest of the world in its puerile internecine scisms. "The differences of theological opinion" between General and Particular Anabaptists, which, according to a recent interviewer, "enriched" the acquaintance of "Dr." Clifford and the late Mr. Spurgeon, the measure of sympathy given to Mr. Campbell by Dr. Horton or withheld, the philosophic utterances of Dr. Fairbairn, are *caviare* outside their own and each other's sects. Licence to maintain any dogmas for which they can find listeners has its bitterness. The Fifth Monarchy mind wants more than licence—it craves notoriety; and the only way it can get it is through political power. This is why it no longer makes the Bible its fetish, but the State.

It is interesting to inquire into the true grounds of the admiration of these modern Independents for Cromwell. It does not lie in his sale of Presbyterian prisoners into slavery, nor in his packing of juries, nor in his expulsion of members of the House of Commons by force—his chief title to the gratitude of posterity—nor yet that, if he could now occupy Oxford for half-an-hour, he would reduce the Chapel of Manchester New College to Nehushtan. The Independents of to-day admire him because he gave their mental ancestors liberty to abolish Liberty. They praise his "tolerance" for its strict moderation, because it went no further than a permission to Dr. Clifford and his cognate secretaries to spell each other's Shib-boleths with one "b." It remains to be seen how far the Liberal Party is going to endure the dominance, in the coming Education Bill, of its loathsome bedfellow.

MAGNUM SICUT MARE LAMENTATIO MEA

I hear the echoes from the valleys deep,
And cries are blown to me from fields of sheep,
From where are spread above the dim heaven's verge
Loose clouds, like leaves afloat on airy surge,
From trees of shining leaf and pine-wood blue,
Echoes—one lonely horn is echoing through.
The woods awake, the leaves whirl round, the old
Leaves burn and melt, like flakes of copper and gold;
The hangings woven in the solitude
By dreaming Dryads, now are fallen mildewed
And fretted, as by moth, upon the trees,
And torn away from their high galleries
By winds in Maenad mood. This goodly house
Is fallen into a mansion ruinous
With winter whispering through its crannied walls,
And on its floor, echoes and light foot-falls
Of sightless spirits; while at intervals
From their deep wounds the irresponsive branches
Drop tears that low-sunned autumn never staunches.

M. JOURDAIN.

THE KING AND THE DEMOCRACY

THE great and abiding business of life nowadays is exploitation. Particularly may this be reckoned so in the fearful and wonderful world of politics. Out of his heart the politician who would be "successful" must banish all the sincerities, all honesty, and all decency. The end and aim of the average career political is, by hook or by crook, to render yourself popular or notorious. "Success"—otherwise a job in the Government and a hand in the public money-bag—will follow. And in order to attract to yourself popularity or notoriety you must exploit something or somebody. The bemused, bewildered, apprehensive Government of Mr. Asquith and Dr. Clifford owes itself utterly to exploitation. In the days when some of the gentlemen of light and leading who lolli intelligently on the Treasury Bench were glad to plod through the London mud and the London fog for the honour of presiding at a greasy three-and-sixpenny "literary" dinner, Liberalism was asserted to be fighting the battle of principle and altruism. In point of fact the things that it fought for and the things for which it plotted and moiled and groaned and gasped were Place and Power. The rank and file of the Liberal champions were persons of moderate means and moderate talents, who had taken to politics as a career and who were determined to feather their nests and make themselves important in the political profession at all costs. There was Mr. Asquith, a respectable, humdrum, average barrister; there was Mr. Birrell, an author gone out of business and editor at the Liberal publications office; there was Mr. Lloyd George, a common solicitor out of Wales; and there was Mr. Winston Churchill, the turncoat scion of a ducal house, with a record as variegated and as rich in vicissitude as that of, say, the Right Hon. the Earl of Rosslyn. And there was Mr. John Burns, the ex-anarchist and "friend of the working man," of whom at the moment nobody proposed to take particular account. For a leader, in name at any rate, this motley and fantastic troupe had Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman,

who rests now with his fathers. Posterity's judgment of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman will not be a hard judgment. He belonged for the greater part of his life to the elder, honest school of statesmen, and we believe that the freebooting, success-snatching, carpet-baggers who insisted on being his colleagues were on the whole a distinct source of embarrassment and discomfiture to him. However, they assisted strenuously in the marvellous operation of wafting him into power, and having made his bed, though it were a bed of scorpions, he must needs lie in it. His hungry squad of "colleagues," now lifted out of their squalor to "Cabinet rank," literally led Sir Henry by the nose. It was they who instilled into him the arts and wiles of exploitation, and under such accomplished tutelage he became himself a by no means ill performer. Having extracted from Chinese slavery and Passive Resistance the full and exact exploiter's toll, Sir Henry and his Jack Nasties settled down naturally to government by exploitation. They began by considering sweetly the advertising capabilities of the hapenny journal. They argued that if they could make a scoop in the hapenny journals they would be an admired and strongly-placed Government. So they made a Cabinet Minister of John Burns. In point of fact the sagacious hapenny press was just as much outraged by this move as was all statesmanship and all Europe. But the hapenny papers could not resist such a heaven-sent opportunity for spreading themselves, and for days they were vociferous with exuberant reference to "A Working-Man Cabinet Minister," "Honest John becomes an Officer of the Crown," "The Boy who Carried his Mother's Washing over Westminster Bridge becomes a Member of the Cabinet," and so on and so forth; while for weeks following there were pictures of Mr. John Burns with this and that smile on him, Mr. John Burns in "Court dress," Mr. John Burns's house at Battersea, and Mr. John Burns's removal operations, Mr. John Burns catching his tram, and the *Daily Mirror* alone knows what besides. The working classes of course immediately jumped to the conclusion that the millennium had come, and that free-beer and a working-man government would be sure to ensue. All the same, they had to wait. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was not exactly a swift camel amongst statesmen. But in time and by the process of nature he was succeeded by Mr. Asquith, and matters forthwith began to gallop. There was the Licensing Bill, and there were Old-age Pensions, and the Suffragettes sprang up, and the Roman Catholics sprang up, and the Hunger-marchers and the naughty little boys who smoke cigarettes sprang up, and now Mr. Grayson has sprung up and Mr. Snowden; and dear, good, kind Mr. Asquith suddenly finds himself in the unhappy position of having exploited so many parties, and so many sections of parties, all of which bid fair to turn and rend him, that he cannot be said really to know where he is. He has toyed with the Suffragists and exploited the Suffragists until the end of his street has to be blocked up by solid masses of constabulary. He has seen Mr. Keir Hardie's female secretary scream on the floor of the House of Commons. He has had the debate on his Cigarette-smoking Bill interrupted by a weird, long-bearded old gentleman in the Strangers' Gallery. He has had to move that Mr. Grayson, the broken-bottle throwing, joint-editor of the *New Age*, be suspended the service of the House, and he has seen that hectic, harum-scarum, loose-mouthed youth shown out twice by the Sergeant-at-Arms. And for all these portents he and his ill-assorted crew of supporters must take shame. To a proper Government such untowardness does not happen. If Sir Edward Grey had been Premier, with a backing of serious, thoughtful, and responsible Liberals—men, say, of the type of Sir John Dickson Poynder, Sir Edward Tennant, and Mr. Ivor Guest—pretty well all the unseemliness and hysterical defiance of authority which we have witnessed in the past few months would never have taken place. Like master, like man. If you have a Government of unscrupulous, posturing, notoriety-seeking mountebanks you will never lack for the same sort of mountebanks outside. If you have a Government which talks openly

about "robbing henroosts," and boasts that it is prepared to ride rough-shod over the rights of the classes and over all the ascertained principles of good government for the mere sake of the applause of the mob, so must you expect that all manner of charlatans and notoriety-hunters and irreconcilables will imitate and project to the verge of anarchy your Government's own methods. So also must you expect that law and order and authority will be defied and the country at large turned into a sort of deboshed bear-garden. Mr. Asquith and the political adventurers who have "played the game" with him have touched and exploited nothing without rendering it vicious or preposterous. Their Licensing Bill is a vicious and monstrous concern which has already resulted in enormous financial loss to the country; their Old-age Pension scheme is rotten at the core, inasmuch as they cannot even suggest from what quarter the necessary funds are to be obtained; their Cigarette-smoking Bill is laughed at by little boys at street-corners, and their general democratic and socialistic leanings have brought them to the sorry pass of being called "liars" and "traitors" to their faces by Mr. Victor Grayson. This is your Government of business men and sprawlers before the democracy and bleeders of the rich and fawners before the mobs. This is your Government of gentlemen who have made up their minds to get on in life and let the traditions of statesmanship and Empire go hang. In two great matters—namely, as regards the Government of India and the conduct of foreign affairs—the Government has succeeded in holding its own. And in neither of these matters, fortunately for all of us, have Mr. Asquith and his fribbling *entourage* had the temerity to put a dabbling finger. Lord Morley, a statesman of the old school, and Sir Edward Grey, a statesman born and bred in the old traditions, have administered their trusts on the old statesmanlike lines, and without reference to the groundlings or the claptrap-mongers. And the results are plain for everybody to see. England maintains her Empire in India in its integrity, and she bids fair to come through the Balkan crisis with her ancient dignity and her ancient composure. A few weeks back one might have imagined that the functions of the Foreign Secretary had been divided up between Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill, whose motor-trips on the Continent, or whose speeches at home, made it abundantly evident that both gentlemen were most anxious to meddle in matters outside the limitation of their respective departments. But when the possibility of real trouble has to be faced Sir Edward Grey is found quite sufficient for his duties, and Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill deem it desirable to sing very small. After all, the Balkan matter is the affair of the Foreign Secretary. Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston looked "confidently to Sir Edward to do his duty." That is the way with them, and, on the whole, it is an exceedingly good way. The statesmanship of England at this moment exists in the quarters we have indicated, and nowhere else. We deplore, and we have deplored all along, the attitude of his Majesty the King in regard to the vital matters with which we have dealt in the present article. It seems to be entirely forgotten by those who should most consistently remember it that this realm consists of three estates, and that there is no call upon the estate which is the King to bestow signal marks of favour upon the democratic or socialistic, not to say anarchistic, *prolegés*, or hangers-on, of the estate which is the Commons. Edward VII. bears a reputation for tact and wisdom such as few monarchs enjoy, but he appears to us to be entirely negligent of the best interests of the country in his condescensions to Mr. John Burns. It is assumed always that politics are not the King's affair. On the other hand, we have seen, as in the recent Garden-party incident, that a man's political views may debar him from the honour of inclusion in an invitation to a Royal function. And there can be no doubt whatever that practically the King has no little say in the politics of the country. His mother, Queen Victoria, refused to acquiesce in the appointment of Mr. Henry Labouchere to the Cabinet, and if Edward VII. had cared to exercise the like authority

Mr. John Burns could easily have been kept in his native background. As it is, "honest John," the quondam shouter in Trafalgar Square and the avowed enemy of the dynasty, would seem to be something of a Court favourite. The circumstance pleases nobody; for while it does not amuse what are called the classes, it provokes what are called the masses to anger rather than to satisfaction. We are glad to note that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales betrays no such leanings and no such softness of disposition. It is certain that if persons of John Burns's idiosyncrasy had their way there would very shortly be no kings at all, and if there be indeed any virtue in the Constitution, it would be just as bad for us to be without a King as to be without a House of Commons.

THE TEPID TALES OF CONAN DOYLE

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE is our only literary knight, and for this we are not indisposed to thank the powers. Like that profound philosopher, patriot, advocate of Free Love, and theoretical Socialist Mr. H. G. Wells, Sir Arthur owes himself to the great nineteenth-century snippet movement. If it had never occurred to a Mr. George Newnes, at that time, we believe, a commercial traveller, to publish a booklet called "A Thousand Tit-Bits from a Thousand Authors," and subsequently to stagger England with offers of prize villas and thousands a year for life for the brainless, we should probably have heard quite little about Mr. Wells and nothing at all about Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Of course Mr. Wells is not a Newnes man, but a Pearson man. The breed, however, is the same, and we say that without Messrs. Newnes and Messrs. Pearson Mr. Wells and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle would have remained in their proper positions in life—that is to say, Mr. Wells would have had to plod along as a middling sort of novelist and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle might have found it desirable to turn to some other profession than that of authorship. As it is—to drop Mr. Wells for the moment—we have Sir Arthur taking himself quite seriously for a literary personage and a large mob of unthinking people who believe in their hearts—though they do not know why—that in some way he stands for letters, or at any rate for fiction, in England. We must never forget that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle "is the 'creator' of Sherlock Holmes," for years, we believe, the dazzling literary standby of that journal of high culture the *Strand Magazine*; and we should doubt whether it would be possible to find in responsible print a single line or paragraph concerning Sherlock Holmes which is not a line or paragraph of praise. No figure out of the books has ever attained such intimacy with the popular imagination as this same Sherlock, and while the fact no doubt flatters Sir Arthur, it certainly does not flatter the mentality of the time, for it proves beyond a doubt that the large masses of the people can be just as readily fooled over their literature as they can be fooled over stock and share transactions and quack nostrums. We believe that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle himself will agree with us when we say that Sherlock Holmes is a very ordinary creation, and that he has little or nothing to do with literature, and furthermore that it is a pity people should have him in their minds when there are so many other more amusing and more edifying literary characters at their disposal. Sir Arthur probably knows, as we know, that he is a creature of a very bad time, and of a very bad popular literary fashion, and he no doubt thanks his stars or rails at fate accordingly. On the other hand, if it be that he indeed rails at fate, as a sensible man would, he takes precious good care not to do it in public. From the Preface of a volume of indifferent tales, entitled "Round the Fire Stories," which Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has lately published through Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., we venture to take the following striking passage:

In a previous volume, "The Green Fig," I have assembled a number of my stories which deal with warfare, or with sport. In the present collection those have been brought together which are concerned with the grotesque and with the terrible—such tales as might well be read "round the fire" upon a winter's night. This would be my ideal atmosphere for such stories, if an author might choose his time and place as an artist does the light and hanging of his picture.

The tone here is the tone of the confident literary person, the tone indeed of an author who wishes you to understand that he values himself, not merely because the public value him, but because he knows that he has high claims to artistry. The word "assembled" alone is pompous enough for Mr. Frohmann, who, as all the world knows, "presents" rather than "produces" when plays are toward. We are quite prepared to admit that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is an artist, but the real truth about him is that he is a *Tit-Bits* artist. If our memory serves us, *Tit-Bits* is a journal which offers a prize of a guinea a week, or some such sum, for the best short story sent to the editor. It is absolutely certain that whatever the merits or demerits of these stories may be, they cannot in the nature of things have much to do with literature. There is a world, even among book-buyers and persons acquainted with the classics, who consider that if a writer is a contributor to *Tit-Bits* and the *Strand Magazine* he need think no shame of himself or his literary capacity. Does not Mr. Winston Churchill contribute to the *Strand Magazine*? And yet we know that if Mr. George Meredith, or Mrs. Humphry Ward, or Mr. Swinburne were to propose anonymous contributions—of fiction in the case of Mr. Meredith and Mrs. Ward, and of poetry in the case of Mr. Swinburne—to the editors of *Tit-Bits* and the *Strand Magazine*, they would stand a very excellent chance of being told civilly that their contributions would not be acceptable. One cannot help feeling that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's stories have been written with a view either to the guinea prize in *Tit-Bits*, or to their appearance with "wash" illustrations in the *Strand Magazine*. They exhibit just that plain, unashamed lack of literary feeling which is the glory of the snippet journal. On pretty well every page of this volume you find the sure marks of illiteracy. "To his English friends he never alluded to such matters" confronts you on the very first page. "There are many who will still bear in mind the singular circumstances which, under the heading of the Rugby Mystery, filled many columns of the daily Press in the spring of the year 1892" is the beginning of one of the stories. In other places we read, "Doctor Lana's social success was as rapid as his professional"—absolutely perfect *Tit-Bits* that! "It was a fine, clear spring night, the moon was shining out from an unclouded sky, and I, having already left many miles behind me, was inclined to walk slowly and look about me." "So that is the curious experience which won me the affection and the gratitude of my celebrated uncle, the famous Indian surgeon." "It is hard luck on a young fellow to have expensive tastes, great expectations, aristocratic connections, but no actual money in his pocket." "He took with him the two letters, and it was his intention to openly tax his predecessor with having written the anonymous warning." It is true that these are small deer, but Sir Arthur Conan Doyle abounds in them, and they devastate his pages. It might be argued, with some show of justice, that an author may be slipshod and boorish about his English, and still produce "stories of the grotesque and the terrible," which would have sufficient force and imagination about them to condone—if such things are to be condoned—carelessness and ineptitude of diction. But Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's stories are not of this character. He never succeeds in exciting either curiosity or terror, though he labours valiantly to that end. One knows exactly what is going to happen, or, at any rate, what Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is about to cause to happen, almost from the beginning of each of these lukewarm, insipid tales. And this is not because one is blasé or outworn in the perusal of stories of terror, but simply because our good knight is an unskilful and very obvious craftsman. It is perhaps invidious to recommend to an

author of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's years and popularity the method whereby he might improve himself at his trade. Yet his is such a serious case, and clamours so loudly and appealingly for attention, that we cannot refuse to take upon our shoulders the responsibility of counsel. And our suggestion is that before publishing another assemblage of stories out of *Til-Bits* or its offshoots Sir Arthur should submit his manuscript to some such organisation as the Literary Help Department of *T.P.'s Weekly*. We would like to wager that if anybody were to be at the trouble to type out one of the tales in "Round the Fire Stories" and send it to *T.P.'s* with the harmless necessary remittance for an opinion, *T.P.'s* Help Editor would blossom out with a paragraph which would make Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and his publishers stare. The fact is that these stories are a very middling affair indeed, and that they do no credit either to the *imprimatur* on the title-page or to the creator of Sherlock Holmes. If they had been by any other hand than that of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle it is doubtful if they would have secured a publisher, and certainly Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. would have had nothing to do with them. We make these animadversions with regret, for, in view of Sir Arthur's supposed position in letters, we would much rather praise him than blame him. But in the circumstances praise is impossible and blame is our clear duty.

LITERATURE AND THE BUCKET-SHOPS

THE twentieth century vandal has discovered uses for books which might very well provoke the angels to weep copiously. We read from time to time of books as furniture, and there can be no doubt that there are persons in the suburbs, and even in Mayfair, whose purchases of literary matter in volume form are made with plain reference to the brightening of that unsightly corner in the basement breakfast-room, or to "harmonising" delicately with the dado, as the case may be. Possibly there is no great harm in this, inasmuch as the books are purchased, and may conceivably be read, though it be only by the kitchen-wench. We should not be surprised if it were discovered on investigation that some of the publishing houses keep by them the latest examples of fashionable wall-hangings, so that they may know exactly what is considered *chic* and dainty, and instruct their binders accordingly. Or it may be that the bookbinders themselves are the true artists in the matter. In any case, we should hesitate to point the finger of contumely in the direction of either party. We do not propose, however, so to restrain ourselves on another large question, which may be considered similar in kind. Some weeks ago we had occasion to call attention to the fact that the average new book is quite over-generously interleaved with all manner of advertisements—invitations to purchase not only other books, but also foot-warmers, pills and potions, fountain-pens, cork soles, gramophones, and even chicken incubators and cheap jewellery. When you open your new book these abominations flutter out of it like a sort of wicked and exasperating snow; and when your man or your maid has swept up the litter, and you settle down to what has been termed "a comfortable read," the enemy may still lay in wait for you, for some of the leaflets are of an almost adhesive nature and they love to lurk snugly tucked away in the middle of the most exciting chapter. So long as these ingenious advertisements are kept within certain decent limits we suppose that the general public has no real right of complaint. The general public has agreed fatuously that "we live in an age of advertisement," and that people must advertise, even though they advertise in hymn-books, and the general public must put up with it and learn not to be annoyed. It is to be presumed, too, that the enterprising publisher who most horribly and unblushingly offends would argue that, without his Vallombrosan interleavings, he could not hope to offer you "Ben Jonson" at a shilling or Burton's "Anatomy" for eighteenpence. So you

must needs dree your wierd. There is still a deeper depth however, and it is of this that we venture to protest. We have before us a book-marker bearing the name "E. Grant Richards," and an address in Carlton Street, S.W. This bookmarker is of a slatey-blue colour on one side and of a delicate whiteness on the other. The delicate white side quite legitimately explains that Mr. Charles Stoneman's "Birds of the British Islands" is a book "which will appeal to all lovers of birds." We do not doubt it. The slatey-blue side, however, runs as follows:

Written for Investors,
not for Speculators.

Published Monthly.
1/- net.

FINANCIAL
REVIEW OF
REVIEWS.

2 Waterloo Place,
London, S.W.

A Complete Record of
Every Important
Financial
Occurrence.

Balance Sheets, Reports,
4 years' Dividends,
Prices and Yields of
1,000 Stocks.

On receipt of this
Bookmark, a Specimen
Copy will be
sent

FREE
to any address in
the world.

On the face of it this may seem a perfectly harmless advertisement, and quite suitable to be placed before people who happen to be interested in British birds; and we have no doubt that, as the *Financial Review of Reviews* is offered gratis to recipients of one of these bookmarkers, and as E. Grant Richards takes care to give away a bookmarker with every book he sells, many readers of, say, "The Shropshire Lad," "The Sons of Pleasure," "Susan," and other delicate works published by E. Grant Richards have applied for and obtained copies of our wonderful *Financial Review of Reviews*. For our own part, we have bought a copy for a shilling, and on examining it closely we find that it is published at the offices of the Investment Registry, Limited, which is really a sort of bucket-shop kept by one Henry Lowenfeld with the assistance apparently of Sir John F. L. Rolleston, Lord Elcho, and Colonel Paget Mosley. We are not at the moment in a position to suggest that the affairs of the Investment Registry, Limited, are conducted on the same lines as Mr. Lowenfeld's previous financial undertakings, such, for example, as the Universal Stock Exchange. But it is certain that the Registry is engaged in the business of outside broking, and everybody who has cut his milk teeth knows what this means. The whole trend and force of the argument set forward under various guises in the *Financial Review of Reviews* is to induce persons who possess investments to turn over the management of those investments to the Investment Registry, who will advise upon them and rearrange them to the large advantage of the investor. That there is money in this for the Investment Registry is indicated by the fact that the net profit of the company for the year ending September 27th amounted to £20,000. And this on an issued capital of £77,000. We have no space to discuss Mr. Lowenfeld and his financial associations at length; though we should be pleased to oblige him if occasion arose. Our business at the moment is with E. Grant Richards, and we should like to be informed whether Mr. Grant Richards considers his connection with Mr. Lowenfeld and the Investment Registry as a connection which is likely to assist in the removal from his *imprimatur* of the pleasing memories which

attach to it in consequence of his late bankruptcy, and we should like to be informed further whether the authors who publish with Mr. Grant Richards are content that their books should be issued to the public in such a way as to serve the purpose of a sort of touting organisation for Mr. Henry Lowenfeld. The Investment Registry can no more guarantee the success of its operations on behalf of clients than the next outside broker. We will suppose that as the result of its connection with Mr. Grant Richards it has secured a hundred new clients and that out of that hundred new clients two or three have suffered loss. Do Mr. Grant Richards and his authors take blame to themselves in the matter? We know that the consistent advice of responsible financiers to all persons seeking investment is never in any circumstances to have dealings with outside brokers. Yet Mr. Grant Richards and his authors are engaged directly and palpably in the procuration of clients for Mr. Henry Lowenfeld. It seems to us highly probable that Mr. Richards's publications are largely read by widows and orphans. Would Mr. Grant Richards or Mr. A. E. Housman, or Mr. Filson Young, or that ex-Wesleyan missionary Mr. E. Oldmeadow, advise a widow or an orphan possessed of securities to intrust the management of them to an outside broker? The thing is preposterous on the face of it. We do not suppose for a moment that Mr. Richards's authors have part or lot in the paltry emoluments which accrue to Mr. Richards for issuing broadcast this dubious and quite irrelevant bookmark. They are innocent parties to the transaction, and probably they have given the matter no thought. But they are now in possession of the facts, and if they have any spirits in their bodies they will decline, for their own good names' sake and for the good name and integrity of letters, to allow Mr. Richards and Mr. Lowenfeld to use them further for catspaws. Mr. Richards' bankruptcy brought half the best writers in England to a pretty pass some few years ago. He is now no longer a bankrupt, having obtained his discharge. At the time of his bankruptcy, however, and afterwards, he made the most creditable public declarations as to his future intentions, chief among which was a determination to pay off his creditors in full. It may be that he is devoting the proceeds of his arrangement with Mr. Lowenfeld to this noble purpose. We cannot say that we should be disposed to encourage him in such a proceeding.

OLD GARDENING

Is there any connection between church architecture and gardening? Perhaps it is only the fancy of incomplete investigation; but the peoples and the periods which produce the one seem to father the other, and where there is no ardour for bricks there seems none for horticulture. It may be simply that each is the child of intelligence and peace, but that obvious suggestion hardly fits the facts. Was Edward I.'s time eminently peaceable? Was the Reformation a moment of calm? Was the reign of Ahab exactly the one which would suggest turning profitable vineyards into gardens of herbs? Lightfoot, in his masterly essay upon England in the Thirteenth Century, is eloquent about the best and wisest of our Kings, and, recounting his mighty deeds, laments that he has but a plain slab for his tomb.

Beneath the venerable abbey in whose consecration and adornment he bore so prominent a part—here under the shadow of the Parliament Houses, the shrine of the Legislature which he matured, and of the old Hall of Westminster, the seat of the Judicature which he created.

But the massive scholar forgot Edward's more lasting monuments and victories. He tamed the Welsh, it is true; but that was a slight matter. He tamed the wild gooseberry. He not only let blood from turbulent Scotland, but he domesticated the strawberry and the raspberry. His relations with France were great, but his pears were greater. They will be grown and eaten when critics have conclusively proved that Llewellyn and David are the

dreams of Taffies filled with an excess of cheese and the legends of Wallace come merely from a surfeit of crude oatmeal. The glories of the gooseberry will outlast our statute law. The raspberry will be eaten by picnic-parties of New Zealanders seated upon the grass in the Abbey choir; and, though all men forget—most with gladness—the existence and the abolition of Parliaments, strawberries are not to be done away with. Whatever happens to the Commons, their bauble and babble, fresh strawberries and cream will always awaken reverence. In pot or pottle Edward has a monument, and he lives engraved upon the gastric organs of posterity. But his precocious age was in this, as in other respects, like an infant phenomenon. These young persons, as we know, grow out of their accomplishments. The boy-singer who fills audiences with rapture and choirmasters with malice grows long in the legs, develops a weak moustache, and fades into an inferior baritone. So it was with the age of Roger Bacon and Duns Scotus. The thirteenth century seemed to be played out. Botany and horticulture slept almost for two centuries. The garden gods travelled into Persia, or devoted their energies to growing badges of the ungracious warriors of the wars of the roses. In England, at any rate, the potentates of the Renaissance did very little for vegetable lore. Linacre's catalogue was a sorry production possibly, but one may be content to suppose it was not quite so shameful as later men made out. It was the sons of the Reformation, the earlier, fiercer, and more bigoted Protestants, who rescued Flora from neglect and rebuilt the altars of Priapus. Theirs is the glory, and let no man grudge it to them, for their robes of glory are sadly out at elbows. Our first herbalists were William Turner and Thomas Gibson, both Latimer's young men, both scurrilous, both filled with enthusiasm for botany and horticulture, both bursting with malice against the Catholic Faith, both ready and willing to bolt rather than account for their disbeliefs. Fuchs, of fuchsia fame, Conrad Gesner, Matthioli of the stocks, Lobel of the blue lobelia, Lyte of lytescary, and others were all zealous in science and partisans of the Reformation. But with the counter-Reformation it was shown that the centripetal theologians could garden and botanise quite as briskly as their centrifugal opponents, and thus the vegetable world became more balanced. Herbals and books of old gardening kept among their other attractions an occasional religious tartness, far into the seventeenth and even the eighteenth century. There is always a literary flavour, too, about them. Take Worledge for example. Wherever you open him he can be read with satisfaction. The man who knows little and cares less about the fencing and enclosing of lands is stirred by the phrase that otherwise an orchard or fowlyard would be "subject to the lust of vile persons." Besides, if the investigator is not interested in whitethorn as "a wall or pale to defend your inclosure from winds or the eyes of ill neighbours" he can turn to the digressions and learn the secret of hawks in fisheries. These are not birds, but gates of wire at each end of your share of a strip of river, which pass the fishes into your waters but refuse them exits. And as to ploughs there are many suggestive passages; "fruitless to the husbandman and rather the products of superficial ingenuity," such as the suggestion of ploughs drawn by mastiff-dogs and promises made by the scientists of 1681 of "ploughs driven by the wind." There are, too, the prognosticks:

If dogs howl, or dig holes in the earth, or scrape at the walls of the house, etc., more than usual, they thereby presage death to some person in that house, if sick; or at least tempestuous weather to succeed. If the hair of dogs smell stronger than usual, or their guts rumble and make a noise, it presageth rain or snow; or they tumble up and down.

Almost before you weary of grafting and digging these pleasant authors intersperse some lively tales of bees or tobacco-curing, and the *haut-gust* of English tobacco compared to the foreign. A good bibliography of books upon herbs and gardening would be a useful and an entertaining work. It would have one drawback—namely, that it would put up the prices of all such works enormously.

REVIEWS

ARMY RECOLLECTIONS

Recollections of a Life in the British Army. By General Sir RICHARD HARRISON. (Smith, Elder, and Co., 2s. 6d. net.)

THIS autobiography is the record of a long career spent in the service of England. Born in 1837 of a good old family, Sir Richard Harrison, like so many other soldiers, first saw the light in a country rectory. Forsaking the traditions of his family, who for several generations had been educated at Westminster, he went to Harrow, and from the Hill, in 1855, was posted to the First Class Company of Gentlemen Cadets at Woolwich, whence in six months he was gazetted a Lieutenant in the Royal Engineers. At the age of eighteen he found himself on board ship *en route* for the Crimea. He arrived there, though too late for active operations, and soon was sent to Malta.

At Malta he experienced the most unpleasant phase of a soldier's life—an epidemic of cholera. In the casemate next to which he lived a sergeant-major, his wife, and all his children died in one night. There too he earned what we might call successful disapproval. Called on to design a work for the defence of the harbour, he submitted one which was original. So unusual did it appear to the C.R.E. that he sent it to the Inspector-General of Fortifications as an example of the mistaken policy of giving a commission in the Royal Engineers to any one who had not been through the mill at Woolwich (Harrison had only been at the Academy six months). But the design was accepted, and the fort built in accordance with it formed for many years part of the defences of Malta Harbour. The young designer lived to be himself Inspector-General of Fortifications, and previously was Governor of the Military Academy which he had favoured with his presence for such a short time as cadet.

From Malta the next move was to India, in 1857, when the Mutiny broke out, and a very active part did the young Sapper officer take in suppressing it. At the age of twenty-one only he was adjutant to the Commanding Royal Engineer in India and thus in those days was the senior staff officer of Engineers in the country. His first experience in India was different to what a young subaltern (even of Engineers) could meet with now. He marched up country with a mixed force numbering nearly a hundred and fifty men, he in command, while Captain Stafford, of the Madras Rifles, was detailed as his interpreter, and a Lieutenant still we find him with two horses, three camels, and ten servants. The army moved about quickly all the same. An admirable instance of resource is recounted on p. 57 when he constructed a bridge over the Gogra River, helped by one sergeant R.E. and a few native mechanics, with no tools or material, putting under requisition the whole countryside, including the local treasuries.

From India to China and the China War is the next phase of this busy life, and an admirable account is given of the taking of the Taku Forts and the march on Peking. Sir Richard pays a generous tribute to the bravery of the Tartar troops, and notably the instance (p. 75) when sixteen Tartar gunners (the whole detachment) perished round their gun. In this war he was appointed to the Quartermaster-General's staff, in which branch of the Army he afterwards did such good service, and he became the intimate friend of Gordon.

After six years abroad he returned to England, in 1861, and then eighteen years of comparatively uneventful service were spent. But Sir Richard was always prominent among his peers. He began his home-life admirably, for in his first year he heard Palmerston speak, Jenny Lind sing, and saw Sothorn play in *Our American Cousin*, besides seeing Landseer sketch and paint "The Children of the Mist" at Preston Hall.

A Captain at twenty-five, he was given a brevet-majority

two years later, which stood him in good stead. In those days a brevet-majority put an officer on the Field Officers' List, in which Army promotion was continuous, and so when called on to go to South Africa in 1879 for the Zulu War, although regimentally a Major commanding a Field Company, R.E., he held the brevet rank of Lieut.-Colonel. From his company he was called to the Quartermaster-General's staff, and a very sad experience came to him while so employed prior to the march on Ulundi. He was charged with the task of finding a good road for the Army. Attached to his staff was the Prince Imperial of France. How he was killed when part of a reconnoitring party which was surprised by Zulus is, alas! a piece of history which no Englishman can forget, much less soldiers of that era, and we are left wondering still why a life of such possibilities should have been so risked and lost; why a Prince, who with his widowed mother was the guest of England, should have been employed on reconnaissance against an enemy such as the Zulus, in a country such as Zululand. No vestige of blame rested then or ever on Sir Richard Harrison, unless it be that he did not so protest, as to make it impossible that he should be saddled with such a responsibility.

Sir Richard was present at the battle of Ulundi, and received the C.B., and then he commanded the troops in the Transvaal prior to the arrival of Sir Garnet Wolseley and the taking of Sekukuni's stronghold. He came into close touch with the leading Boers during those times, and seemed to have gauged fairly accurately the feeling of the country towards England. Voluntarily added to the British Crown in 1877, the Boers were promised self-government at an early date. In 1880 they asked for effect to that promise. They received first one Chamber, then two, the members of which were practically all nominated by the Colonial Office or the Governor. They asked for bread and received a stone; and the stone rolled back on the givers. At the end of 1879 Sir Garnet Wolseley told an assembly of Boers that the waters of the Vaal would run backwards before British rule ended in South Africa. It may have been a prophetic utterance. But a year afterwards the Boers regained their independence after a series of disastrous defeats inflicted on British troops. As Assistant-Quartermaster-General at Aldershot after his return from the Transvaal, Sir Richard set his mind on the preparation of the British Army for war. Impressed by the German triumphs of 1866 and 1870 against Austria and France—the result of a practical organisation—Sir Richard had become a constant student of the military methods of other countries, and was a leading factor in the preparation of scales of clothing equipment and transport with which our Army should take the field. But at Alexandria, early in August, 1882, he found that a Board of Officers had to assemble at Alexandria to decide *what an infantry soldier should carry* in that campaign!—a striking instance of our want of preparation for war which he so often regrets through his autobiography.

Then a clear description is given of the change of base to Ismailia and the remarkably business-like campaign by which Lord Wolseley put the Khedive, Mohamed Tewfik, back on his throne in Cairo. In the Nile Campaign of 1885 Sir Richard was designed for a responsible share, but his health broke down, and he returned to England—most uncomfortably, because he commanded on the hired transport two hundred returning Canadian voyagers and a shipload of undisciplined riff-raff.

Then followed a succession of honourable posts in England—Assistant-Quartermaster-General at Aldershot, Governor of the Academy at Woolwich (where he captained a football team against the sergeant-major's team and won the match), the command of the Western District at Plymouth, and finally, Inspector-General of Fortifications.

For those interested in soldiers and soldiering this is a very readable book. In telling the history of his youth during the Mutiny and the China War Sir Richard Harrison becomes a boy again. He sees with young eyes the scenes in which he shared, and writes lightly and with admirable detachment. But the book bears the taint

of being written in the first instance for private circulation only, and the first title devised for it was "Notes on my Life for my Children." Thus there is some detail given us which is not of general interest, and notably the account of the life of a general officer at Plymouth. But it is a record of a full life of duty, well written in a style which is easy, and in which the character of the Royal Engineer is clearly traced, a certain habitual precision leavened by a strain of romance which is very attractive:

In writing these notes I have had to look back to recall events in which, perhaps, I might have done my own work better. But I have told them as they happened, and I will leave them alone now.

So Sir Richard Harrison ends. We think that he leaves well alone.

THE ENGLISH MUSE IN HOLLAND

Modern English Poetry. Edited by ANDREA DE ZWAAN. With an Introduction by RAMSDEN BUCKLEY. (Nutt, 3s. 6d.)

WE are informed in the Preface that "this book was originally intended to introduce to Dutch readers English poetry dating from the middle of last century," and the compiler airily adds, "Perhaps there is room for a modern anthology in England as well." We should think that on the whole there is. On the other hand, we are not prepared to admit that Mr. De Zwaan's booklet is, in any sense, the anthology which most of us are wanting. Even with Mr. Ramsden Buckley's Introduction thrown in, it seems to us calculated to break the heart rather than to call for respect or admiration. We shall take leave, therefore, to assert that for readers of the blood "Modern English Poetry" will have small interest. In any adequate sense of the term it is not an anthology at all, being indeed a mere bringing together of "samples" of the writings of various poets, which may or may not be wisely chosen, but certainly do not tend to convey a proper conception of the best characteristics of modern English poetry in the body as it were. We shall not complain that the editor has included in the volume some of the best of Walt Whitman. It is not fair, even to the long-suffering Dutch, however, that he should also have included pieces by Mr. Edward Carpenter, who is a frank imitator of Whitman and an indifferent poet, and that the sonnet-writers should be represented only by Mr. Watts-Dunton. We understand that Mr. De Zwaan is indebted to Mr. Watts-Dunton for "valuable suggestions," and we think it is a pity that while he was about it Mr. Watts-Dunton could not have suggested for the delectation of the Dutch some better English sonnets than his own:

If only in dreams may Man be fully blest,
Is heaven a dream? Is she I claspt a dream?
Or stood she here even now where dew-drops gleam
And miles of furze shine yellow down the West?
I seem to clasp her still—still on my breast
Her bosom beats; I see the bright eyes beam.
I think she kiss'd these lips, for now they seem
Scarce mine: so hallow'd of the lips they press'd.
Yon thicket's breath—can that be egplantine?
Those birds—can they be Morning's choristers?
Can this be Earth? Can these be banks of furze?

Do we sleep, do we dream, or is visions about? The good Hollander will surely rub his eyes when you offer him trite interrogatory of this sort for sonnets; and it is due to the good Hollander to say that he really knows a great deal more about English poetry than Englishmen might imagine.

If the volume before us had contained examples of the work of other sonnet-writers we might have put up with our Mr. Watts-Dunton as a sort of inevitable tail or complement to Mr. Swinburne. But the only other sonnet in the book is a fairly doubtful one by no less an immobile verse-writer than Mr. Arthur Symonds. Not only in this but in divers additional regards the Dutch are invited to

indulge quite wrong views about modern English poetry. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Watts-Dunton's valuable advice can have amounted to more than a casual suggestion; for if he had really advised Mr. De Zwaan he would surely have advised him to something like decent purpose, and not in a partial or uncatholic manner. Our advice to Mr. De Zwaan is that in the event of a second edition of his anthology being called for he should turn out Mr. Edward Carpenter, Mr. Wilfred Gibson, Mr. Watts-Dunton, and for that matter even Cardinal Newman and fill up their spaces out of the enormous volume of poetry by modern hands poetically more distinguished. We consider that to parade Messrs. Carpenter, Gibson, and Watts-Dunton and Cardinal Newman before the people of Holland as though they were great or standard or representative poets is wantonly to delude an inoffensive and entirely amiable people. One might have imagined that an anthology of English poetry made by a foreigner of some taste and parts would have been wholly free from the vice of anthologies—namely, disingenuousness. And probably if Mr. De Zwaan had trusted to his own judgment in the work of selection he would have bestowed upon his fellow-countrymen a volume which we might have allowed to pass muster. Apparently, however, he has seen fit to canvass opinion in England, with the inevitable result. We do not say that Mr. Watts-Dunton is responsible for this, or anybody else whom Mr. De Zwaan may have consulted; but it would seem to be an infection of the English air. The great business of the English anthologist is to make advertisement or obtain "justice" for himself and his friends. If he and his friends do not happen to write great poetry so much the worse for the anthology. And the unfortunate part of it is that he and his friends never do write great poetry. Practically the whole of the anthologies of modern poetry published in England are tarred in a greater or less degree with this brush. We have in our mind's eye a very fine-looking volume, the title of which indicates that it should contain the best English poetry written in our own time. Roughly, the book is portioned off into seven or eight handsome sections—as Tennyson twenty pages, Browning twenty pages, Swinburne twenty pages, Mr. Blank twenty pages, Meredith twenty pages, Arnold twenty pages, Rossetti twenty pages. On the title-page the name of the anthologist does not appear, but his publisher informs us quite accidentally that the book was compiled by the modest Mr. Blank of the central twenty pages. We do not wish to suggest that Mr. Blank is without claims to consideration as a poet. It is certain, however, that he would never have found himself set forth so amply and in such good company if he had not taken the trouble to arrange the thing for himself. Even the "Oxford Book of Verse" is not free from obvious "friendly insertions," or at best insertions made, not so much with reference to what is good poetry as to what is the "kind" or "discreet" thing to do. Until anthologists learn that themselves and their friends are as a rule the very last people whose poetry is of consequence, collections of English verse which include the modern article are bound to prove a snare and a delusion. Mr. Andrea De Zwaan must try again.

STYLE IN CRITICISM

Boucher. By HALDANE MACFALL. ("The Connoisseur," 5s.)

THE naughty coyness with which Mr. Haldane Macfall winks at us and giggles over the simple fact that, for a Psyche, Mme. Boucher sat to her husband for the figure, pretty accurately measures the depths of his literary and art-critical ability. Licking his lips, as might a rather prurient boy, at the idea, he brilliantly achieves this crystal of penetrative originality—"These Psyche pieces run much to the 'altogether.'" Such a tag exposes the freshness of his thought and style. As for illuminating criticism of Boucher's art, the reader must not look for much more

than amounts, in solid weight, to this, that Boucher is pre-eminent as a painter of feminine sex. As the author puts it, it is true, it looks a little more :

He painted the flesh of woman's dainty body with a radiant delight and a rare sense of form. . . . He remains the first painter of the subtle, delicate, and elusive thing that is femininity. He caught her allure and her fragrance and her charm, etc.,

but the appearance is but due to the bladder of his style. For the rest his criticism mainly is composed of chronological pickings from the Salon catalogues.

The body of the book, indeed, and its thick padding, are the naive exercises given us in Mr. Macfall's well-known picturesque simplicity of diction. The sort of mastery of words that calls a man a fellow, a girl a wench, and a baby, according to that elusive thing that is its sex, a man-child or girl-child. The letterpress, in short, is an admirable demonstration of the author's recipes for writing. Since the period and atmosphere are *dixhuitième*, tags and pseudo-echoes of Carlyle are much in season. As thus :

Worthy old father Nicholas Boucher, stepping out of the mists of oblivion for a few brief minutes again to sign the register, and forthwith stepping back into the fog of eternal silence again ;

or this :

Diderot's soul and mine and thine, are they to be more thrilled and uplifted by seeing infants *at work* than at play ?

The bewildered student of Boucher may demand what precisely Mr. Macfall's soul, or his own, or Diderot's has to do with the master's art. Indeed the connection is most slender. All through the luckless painter is made the irrelevant occasion for pageants and parades of apostrophes and staccato commentary on the King's mistresses and morals. A short paragraph of Salon catalogues is followed by a heavy page of heated sermon, hurled at the indifferent heads of Diderot and ye philosophers.

As for the masterly simplicity of Mr. Macfall, that consists of items of this kidney : On p. 13, "the father would appear to have been an obscure honest fellow ;" on p. 14, "the father (the same old worthy Nicholas) seems to have been an obscure fellow enough." In one place the singular deportment of the painter is characterised as "jigging through life ;" disturbing, one might suppose, to a steady hand ; a little later the intrinsic nature of this affliction is revealed—"the eagerness of youth jigged in his blood." That this word-painter can, when he list, pile attribute on attribute and metaphor on metaphor we are aware from the fact that it costs him seven attributes to sum up infants, and half-a-dozen metaphors, miraculously ornate, to explain that taste had changed in thirty years.

The illustrations, when uncoloured, give us an excellent suggestion of the tedium that Boucher, in large quantities, must have induced in those whose minds could retch at his ceaseless gallantries. The coloured plates give too inadequate a version of the master's colour to justify any conclusions on that score. Alone of them perhaps the Young Woman with a Muff, in the Louvre, is worthy of him, and of the others it is from the chalk drawings that our real enthusiasm can be drawn.

HOLLY, YEW, AND BOX

Holly, Yew, and Box, with Notes on other Evergreens. By W. DALLIMORE. (John Lane, 7s. 6d. net.)

How many books dealing with hardy trees and shrubs have been produced during the last five years ? Certainly the total is a considerable one, and their advent is in itself a welcome proof that tender exotics are not esteemed above woodland plants to the extent that they were. Many of the incessant streams of books relating to gardening are so obviously the work of amateurs that their value is exceedingly small, but Mr. Dallimore has long occupied a responsible position in the national arboretum at Kew ; indeed, there are few men in the country who possess a more extensive knowledge of hardy trees and shrubs. It

is therefore all the more regrettable that his book should be so unfortunately arranged. We are left with the impression that it may have been originally intended to add a volume upon Hollies to Mr. John Lane's half-crown series of "Handbooks of Practical Gardening," and that Mr. Dallimore's labours were afterwards thought to be worthy of presentation in a more handsome form. Certainly the volume before us is a curious compilation. It contains a great deal relating to holly, yew, and box, and a very little about what we esteem to be more interesting evergreen plants. The author states in his Preface that the plants we have named are "dealt with more fully on account of their general usefulness." But surely this is an extraordinary view. We have no doubt that an evenly-balanced book upon evergreens in general would command a much larger sale, while an account from Mr. Dallimore of rhododendrons or bamboos would interest ten readers for every one who will trouble to read what he has to say about such sombre plants as yews and boxes.

It must, however, be said that the author has done well with the materials at his command, and the result will be of real service to the cultivator. He was well advised to make use of the monograph on Hollies by the late Mr. Thomas Moore, which appeared in the *Gardeners' Chronicle* about thirty years ago. The book is abundantly illustrated, for the most part by photographs of plants in the Royal Gardens, Kew, which are well reproduced ; but, as he has put us to the trouble of providing the book with brown-paper covers, we think it a pity that the artist responsible for the cover design did not go to Nature for a holly-tree in preference to drawing upon his imagination.

HERCULANEUM

Buried Herculaneum. By ETHEL ROSS BARKER. (A. and C. Black.)

THE hundred feet or so of mud which have shut Herculaneum off from the light of day since A.D. 75 have invested it with a mystery which does not belong to the sister city of Pompeii ; and it is more than probable that its mystery constitutes its greatest claim to the almost feverish interest which certain archaeologists have bestowed upon it. Dr. Waldstein's new book on the subject, which appears at almost the same moment as the more modest work now before us, is rather an apology for the insistence with which he has pushed the claims of the little provincial pleasure-town of the first century than an account of the work, good and bad, which has been done there in the past. And for this reason Miss Barker's book will not only have a wider public than the more controversial work, but will be very genuinely useful as a source of plain and straightforward information, gathered from scattered and comparatively inaccessible sources. Its object is to give an account of the past excavations at Herculaneum, and to reconstruct, as it were, in the mind of the reader, the homes of the exquisite bronzes which have given the buried city its renown.

On the whole she has succeeded, for from her 240 pages or so of large print a very fairly clear idea can be gathered both of the disastrously unscientific methods of the eighteenth-century excavators, who dug principally on the lines adopted by the peasant of to-day in the out-of-the-way corners of Greece—that is to say, for the loot—and also of the quiet, undeserved success which attended their efforts. And, at the very best, the task is a thankless one, for no amount of care and thought can ever present a lively picture of a city so completely dead, and so incompletely resurrected as Herculaneum.

Naturally the chief interest centres in the "House of the Papyri." The information concerning it is more coherent, and its contents are more impressive than in the case of any other building, with the possible exception of the theatre. And much credit is due to Miss Barker for her account of the house, its owner, and its sculpture, and the most disappointing library which gives it its name. Especially

interesting is the story of the various methods adopted to unroll and decipher the papyri which make one hate the name of Philodemos of Gadara. The argument by which she supports the theory that Philodemos was not only the author but also the owner of the books bearing his name is at once naïve and convincing. Who but the author himself would be likely to possess duplicate copies of such stupid books? And the argument is ingeniously supported by an appeal to Cicero's "In Pisonem" and the note of Asconius. Of course, Miss Barker does not pretend to be more than a compiler, but her compilation is well done; it is easy to read, and well arranged. But she would have been well advised to verify with more care some of her statements, and to have enlisted the services of some friend to eliminate small peculiarities of phrase which betray slightness of knowledge. The note to "a commentator" on Cicero's speeches" runs as follows:

° Asconius Pedianus, who lived in the middle of the first century A.D. ad Ciceronem: "In Pisonem."

The sense is hard to find, so hard that one is inclined to think that *opus insertum* on another page is not merely a misprint. And the appalling statement that Hercules "flourished some thirteen hundred years before the Trojan War," which is only about 1,250 years wide of the mark, leads to the belief that in matters of legend and history Miss Barker has either under-estimated her public or over-estimated her own equipment for her task. Probably the latter, for she goes on to say that "perhaps the fact veiled in this myth is that some seafaring Phœnicians, attracted by the beautiful harbour, founded a settlement here."

Surely the "Phœnician" Hercules is dead and buried deeper than Herculaneum itself by now. And anyway, what were Phœnicians doing in the Western Mediterranean in 2500 B.C.? Still, apart from such careless blunders, which have very little to do with Herculaneum as we know it, the work has been well done. Its illustrations, moreover, are excellent and plentiful, and its appendices form an admirable guide for use in the Naples Museum. It is cheap, and we shall be surprised if those who visit Naples with any interest in the treasures of the Museum go without a book which numbers so many merits and whose demerits are so few and so unimportant.

THE MINOR MUSE

New Poems. By R. G. T. COVENTRY. (Elkin Mathews, 5s. net.)

MR. COVENTRY is a poet of promise, and in "New Poems" we have him at a pleasant level of excellence. His technique is always good, and he does not flounder, after the manner of some of his brethren. It has to be said, however, that he has not as yet attained to any individuality of thought or utterance; his muse is essentially derivative. The following, for example, is altogether too suggestive of Rossetti:

She sits with those whose names are sweet
As song to speak, oft heard
In Heaven, whenas God's lips repeat
Love's most familiar word. . . .
I see the waters calm, and deep,
That lap the palmy shore,
Where Time's last tideway lies asleep,
And Peace is evermore.
Love folds me in her silver wing,
And bears my soul away;
I hear the songs of them that sing,
The harps of those that play.

There is but little variety in Mr. Coventry's choice of subjects. Unrequited love would appear to be the burden of the majority of his efforts. It is the theme of "The Triumph of Love," "Christ and Mary Magdalene," "The Letter," "Saint Cecilia," and "Marguerite." In the first of these—which may be described as the *pièce de résistance* of the volume—the triumph of love is shown to consist in the sacrifice of self. "Saint Cecilia" and

"Marguerite" recount the woes of an ardent lover who has conceived a hopeless passion for a nun. The shorter lyrics in this volume are eminently successful, and Mr. Coventry has contrived to produce some admirable effects in difficult verse forms, though his handling of the heroic couplet—as in "Marguerite"—is far from satisfactory. The book, however, amply justifies its existence, and we are emboldened to anticipate something even more distinguished from Mr. Coventry's pen in the near future.

FICTION

Miss Esperance and Mr. Wycherly. By L. ALLEN HARKER. (John Murray, 6s.)

SIMPLE, unpretentious, quiet, and dramatically effective, "Miss Esperance and Mr. Wycherly" is one of those novels (how few their number is!) that leave a wholly pleasant flavour behind them. It is less a novel, indeed, than a series of more or less detached incidents, with the necessary connecting thread. Miss Esperance is an old old maid; Mr. Wycherly is a middle-aged old bachelor. She is Presbyterian; he is Episcopalian. She is a model of the proprieties, unimpeachable in decorum and correct in deportment; he possesses but one "foible." He is addicted, on special occasions, to a conviviality which finds expression in somewhat incoherent melody. With the arrival of two little boys into the narrative, however, the situation changes considerably. They are delightful children, both of them, reminding one of those charming and irresponsible creations of Mr. Kenneth Grahame. Mr. Wycherly, at least, finds it easy enough to succumb to their fascination, and their proper education becomes his immediate and all-absorbing care. Incidentally they succeed in educating their tutor, who, though well versed in Roger Ascham and the Greek and Latin classics, had never mastered the mystery of making paper rabbits. As a background to this little idyll of youth and age we have a diminutive Scottish village, somewhere within view of Edinburgh, and some very perfect studies of village life and character. Mrs. Harker has contrived to be pathetic without being mawkish, and her humour, of which there is an abundance, is of the texture of the narrative. There are some scenes that the reader will not be content with reading once, and if the story of how Mr. Wycherly hung up his College arms fails to move him—well, he had better leave the book alone, and betake himself to that obvious and unimaginative fiction of which (Heaven knows) there is no lack!

The Court of Conscience. By ELLA MACMAHON. (Chapman and Hall, 6s.)

THIS is a wholesome enough story of a maiden who was married to a paragon with a past. The past had been divorced, married to a Major and buried in oblivion. After the cake was eaten some spiteful person lifts the veil of the past and discloses that the heroine is uncanonically married. Conscience tries the case and says Begone. The heroine goes. The disconsolate bigamist (canonically speaking) finds his political career blasted, with his marital hopes. He takes to swipes and despair. The heroine, who studies every newspaper for news of him, finds him rapidly becoming an extinct volcano. She calls him up, tips him a moral wink, and thus fortified he attacks the Government with heroic ardour. Then comes one of those railway accidents which are the making of illustrated papers and novelists. The express is derailed. The hero is hurled uninjured through an ashen plank and eighteen inches of cushion. He finds the Major dead and the past in *articulo mortis*. He says a tender farewell, and darts off to his Audrey. The canons' claims are now satisfied, the ring is donned again, and misery, swiping, and recalcitrant politics are no more. Some of the children sketches in this book are amusing, and the heroine's sister, whom Rawdon Crawley would call a bolter, is portrayed very naturally. There are some points besides that are of

greater interest than the story; among them is the fact of the scorn felt by many decent and intelligent writers for the shuffling clergy, who, when statute and ecclesiastical laws jar, find it hard to know which master to serve. So far from hesitation propitiating people, the novelists and the novel readers unite to pillory these paltry divines.

Farquharson of Glune. By MAY BATEMAN. (Chapman and Hall.)

It is a comfort to have a novelist who can at least write flowing and educated English, and still more comfortable is it to have one with an alert and humorous observation and a power of drawing female character which is surgically severe and analytic. The nominal hero, a young Scot of Puritan breed, rises by inexplicable worth and talent to be Foreign Minister and chief slaughterer of the Free Trade Canaanites. He marries a foolish shrew and traitress, and comes much to grief. But the main thesis of the book has as little to do with Farquharson as it has with Glune. It is to maintain that all the world revolves upon Women and the love of them. An elaborated full-length portrait of Mrs. Evelyn Brand is given us. She seems to hold in the pocket of her third frock—she has but three—the destinies of men and nations. Because a Yellow paper dares to couple her name with that of Mr. F., he is driven precipitately into the arms of the shrew. There is something positively lurid in the intense glee the author shows in dissecting that shrew. The fair Evelyn inspires, determines, supports, and finally saves her man. Although her husband is the enemy, and of course she is obliged to crush that marital worm, although she agrees to elope with the stricken hero, yet she is a most pious female. This last little escapade is made unnecessary, for in routing over the paper-basket before she elopes she discovers damning evidence of the jealous wretch's treason and shame. She is thus able to re-establish Mr. F. in his portfolio, to snuff out the venomous husband, and to die in the odour of sanctity, assured both of the truth of the Roman Catholic religion and of her own integrity. Alas! how many novels turn upon this radically false thesis. Woman is not, and cannot be, both the starting-place and the goal of man's inner and outer life. Still less can she be also the stadium, the judge, and even the prize as well. A drama which thus mistakes its *dramatis personae* is sure to be more than a little ridiculous in parts, whatever good gifts else it may display. Just because of these good gifts it seems more than a pity that sex-pride should spoil a work of considerable merit. It is just as certain to be abased as any other kind of pride.

The Story of Esther. By MAUD OXENDEN. (William Blackwood and Son, 6s.)

THIS is a powerful if gloomy novel, redeemed from morbidity by a splendid sincerity of purpose. The story is set throughout to a minor key, and the lighter elements of life—humour, wit, and phantasy—are deliberately excluded. It is the story of one who, having done evil that good may come, pays the penalty of her transgression in a life's martyrdom. Esther Murray is the sister-in-law of a country squire, with whom she lives. The man is a drunkard and a profligate. He has broken the heart of his wife; he is stamping the impress of his evil personality upon the character of his son, a child of a highly susceptible temperament. For this Esther, to whom Mark, the boy, represents all in life that is worth the having, hates him. Things drift from bad to worse, till one night the estate is invaded by poachers, and Esther, knowingly, sends the man to his death. It would seem to be a fruitless sacrifice, for, as the sequel shows, the son follows all too readily in the footsteps of his father. When the inevitable disclosure is made he turns from the woman who has given her soul for his with loathing and abhorrence. But, it seems, he has learned his lesson. The sacrifice, after all, has been accepted.

Miss Oxenden has spared us nothing of the agony of such a theme. It is at times almost too painful. The

reader is moved to a feeling of passionate revolt at the spectacle of a woman putting aside love and the delight of life for the sake of an object so unworthy only to meet with such a reward. But the story has all the inevitableness of Greek tragedy, and even when we rebel we are made to feel that no other solution would be possible, would be, indeed, just. In her treatment of the situation the author recalls the manner of an older and more leisurely school of novelists. There is no touch wanting to the picture. Every detail is sketched with the precision of a pre-Raphaelite painter. Each character is distinct, clearly-developed and individual. The result is a novel of durable human interest, a book that stands out in strong and vivid contrast from the mass of ephemeral fiction which issues daily from our publishing-houses.

The Climax. By J. CRANSTOUN NEVILL. (John Long, 6s.)

WHEN an emotional, piano-playing youth lives under the roof of a vulgar Philistine and stuffy uncle and his repulsive wife at Brighton, when he meets a cynical, Bohemian, dabbling lord of uncertain age and certain disrepute, the dogs are likely to come by their own. So it was in the case of the hero of "The Climax." He rebels, decamps, is whirled by the saturnine Mephistopheles into a nasty set, or rather into several nasty sets in London. With no experience, no faith, no real friends, and no principles to speak of, he might be expected to be an easy prey to the flesh and the devil. But a cleaner man turns up in the nick of time, rescues him from Silenus and various amatory females, and by friendship and an accidental breaking of his own neck leaves him a devout hearer of sermons before a grand and Gothic altar. The characters all speak in one style, with laboured quips and uncivil quiddities. The actors, lords, artists, harlots, grocers, Jewesses, and the general public have a monotonous likeness of speech; but the reader is kept in a state of wonder—almost in a betting mood—as to how soon the hero will be up to his neck in mud. It is most incredible that he should come out with only a few ounces of dirt on his heels, and contrary to all our expectations. The book is therefore full of pastoral interest, if the term may be used for an interest which is created by pastoral theology. It is also well, but rather diffusely, written.

A White Witch. By THEO DOUGLAS. (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.)

WITCH's cauldrons, black magic, and the *elixir vitae*—these are the ingredients out of which this romance is compounded. All the paraphernalia of mediæval superstition are invoked, and if the reader does not tremble in his shoes it certainly is not the author's fault. We have to confess, however, that we have read this novel without trembling. Our withers are unwrung. Having supped full with horrors, we find, somewhat to our surprise, that the banquet is less nauseating than tasteless. For there is an air of unreality about it all. The author fails to convince. She leaves us in doubt as to whether she has succeeded in convincing herself, even for a moment. For the rest the story is cast in the approved romantic mould. The hues are a little over-sanguine, and there is perhaps a shade more villainy than we are reasonably entitled to demand. The period is the eighteenth century, and the characters are never allowed to forget what is required of them in the matter of dialogue. They do not stay at a place—they "sojourn" there. A lady wishes to know the time, and her devout lover satisfies her curiosity by informing her that "the half-hour after seven chimed some time since, and it must be close upon the quarter." Such logic seems unanswerable. There is always a demand for works of this kind, and the present one is neither conspicuously better nor conspicuously worse than most of the others. To divine what class of reader it is that devours such stuff is beyond us. But while the consumer exists, there surely will you have the purveyor; and nowadays the purveyors seem to be well nigh as numerous as the consumers.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

We have received the following letter from Mr. W. L. Courtney of the *Daily Telegraph*:

October 21st, 1908.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I read with interest your attack on Mr. "Courtenay" in your last issue. Your paper is such a model of accuracy—at all events, I notice how indignant you are with persons who, like myself, are inaccurate in quotation—that I hesitate to assume that the person attacked in your remarks is myself. But that is not my only cause for hesitation. Besides your very proper admiration of accuracy, I have noticed that you are a stalwart champion of consistency. In the article by Mr. "Courtenay" to which you object a good deal of admiration is expressed for Miss Maud Allan's dancing, and this seems to you to be extravagant and absurd. Nevertheless, I find in an article published in *THE ACADEMY* of March 21st of the present year an extremely sympathetic and warm-hearted advocacy of Miss Maud Allan's dancing. For instance, such sentences as the following occur: "Such dancing as Miss Allan's is only possible to an imaginative artist, who can create, without conventions or symbols to save trouble, the poetic impression desired." "It is not possible to dance in the Eastern manner at all unless, like Miss Allan, you are a great artist." Here, too, is a purple passage: "Did Miss Allan realise when she came to London how bold a thing she was doing? It was nothing less than beginning our education"—(beginning, mark you, for I now gather that you think she derived the example from some one else)—"in a branch of art which we have persistently neglected, and mainly through our comfortable suspicion of its 'propriety.' Courage is usually rewarded, and Miss Allan has conquered. Night after night crowds flock to see this princess of the East first win the head of her victim, and, having won it, go through a torrent of mingled passions over it, all sublimated by art into things of beauty." I wonder whether sentences like these, published in *THE ACADEMY*, "tickled" Miss Allan—to use your elegant phrase—as much as the enthusiasm which you deplore in Mr. "Courtenay"? It is my misfortune, not my fault, that, not being able to spell my name after the fashion of the Earls of Devon, I can only subscribe myself, Sir,

Faithfully yours,

W. L. COURTNEY.

We must apologise to the Earls of Devon for our unfortunate mis-spelling of Mr. Courtney's name, and we must respectfully point out to him that, important though his name may be to himself, it is not yet sufficiently important to the world at large to be considered a "quotation." Mr. Courtney misquoted Wordsworth; we on our part, and by favour of the printers, mis-spelt his name. The two accidents are scarcely on all fours with each other. However, we should be sorry if by calling him "Courtenay" we had put him to real inconvenience, and we make our regrets accordingly. On the large question of "consistency" Mr. Courtney could no doubt tell us approximately what Emerson said about it. But Mr. Courtney's letter appears to us rather to shirk the point at issue. The notice respecting Miss Maud Allan which Mr. Courtney was kind enough to insert in the *Daily Telegraph* purported to be a review of Miss Maud Allan's book. Mr. Courtney must be aware that the literary value of such a book amounts to nothing, yet he devotes to it a column and a half of the *Daily Telegraph* at a moment when there must be hundreds of more important pieces of writing awaiting review in his office. And when we reprove him mildly for his extraordinary outburst of rapture he hunts up an article which appeared in *THE ACADEMY* months ago, and imagines that he will upset us by a charge of "inconsistency." If Mr. Courtney will take the trouble to examine

the files of *THE ACADEMY* a trifle more closely he will find that the article in question was repudiated by us shortly after its appearance, and that our opinion with respect to Miss Maud Allan's dancing has been a quite consistent opinion. The article from which Mr. Courtney quotes crept into the paper during the illness of the editor, and in consequence of a misapprehension on the part of the gentleman temporarily in charge as to the responsibility of the author. By a singular coincidence a representative of the Palace Theatre called at this office on Tuesday last, and asked us to supply him with a copy of *THE ACADEMY* for March 21st, the number in which the article from which Mr. Courtney quotes appeared. We offered to post the copy, but the Palace Theatre gentleman was in a great hurry, and insisted on being supplied then and there. Later in the day another person from the Palace Theatre visited us on the same errand. Dare we whisper that it seems to us not unlikely that these copies were required for the use of Mr. Courtney? In any case he has unearthed our article, and small blame to him. His quotations are quite pretty, and we do not see that they reflect discredit on anybody. It would have been fairer of Mr. Courtney if he had acquainted himself with the whole facts, and we trust that the next time a book of the nature of Miss Maud Allan's falls into his hands he will deal with it in a manner which will show that he is still capable of keeping his literary head and which will prevent him from rendering the *Daily Telegraph* ridiculous.

The spectacle of Cabinet Ministers in the witness-box at Bow Street at the behest of that impertinent young woman, Miss Christabel Pankhurst, is mightily creditable to the country. Mr. Lloyd George turned up on subpoena and so did Mr. Herbert Gladstone. We take it that if Miss Christabel Pankhurst had been pleased to send Mr. Asquith the usual document and the usual guinea, he too, Prime Minister of England though he be, would have attended and submitted himself to this young woman's interrogation. Probably in the history of Bow Street witnesses less impressive than Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Herbert Gladstone have never appeared. Considering that both gentlemen are Cabinet Ministers, their replies to the questions put to them were wonderfully wanting in wit and dignity. We suppose that this highly important case is *sub judice*, and we must refrain, therefore, from discussing it on its merits. But we trust that we shall be in order when we say that it seems to us most undesirable and entirely against public policy that persons holding responsible positions in the Cabinet should attend police-courts on subpoena. We do not know what the law on the subject may be, but it is certain that if Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Herbert Gladstone had desired to be excused, the matter could have been "arranged." The fact is that neither the Chancellor of the Exchequer nor the Home Secretary dares avow himself a convinced anti-Suffragist. So that when the fair Christabel demanded their attendance before Mr. Curtis Bennett, they were more or less compelled to attend, and a pretty mess they made of it. It has been boasted on behalf of a certain critic that he took the dignity out of reviewing. Surely the henchmen of Mr. Asquith have performed a similar office for Cabinet Ministers. If we go on at the present rate it will soon be as undistinguished a thing to be a Cabinet Minister as it is to be a member of a parish council.

We note with extreme regret that President Roosevelt has at length decided upon a career for himself. Of course everybody has been wondering what he would do for a living when he ceased to be President of the United States. Would he take to stock and share broking or cow-punching, or running a circus, or what? Well, the good President has set the question at rest for ever by announcing that when he leaves the White House he proposes to become a journalist. Mr. Roosevelt could not have selected for himself a nobler or more creditable profession; for as

everybody knows, the journalists of the United States are an honour to their country. On the other hand, there are obvious reasons for supposing that American journalism could have got along very well without Mr. Roosevelt, particularly as he has elected to devote himself to that section of the profession which is represented by the *New York Outlook*. The elegance of Mr. Roosevelt's style will, one imagines, be utterly thrown away on such a journal, and it is certain that his salary of £5,000 a year will be more or less thrown away on Mr. Roosevelt. We have no desire to be hypercritical or to claim too much honour for the Fourth estate, but it seems to us a thousand pities that the ways into journalism should be so easy. When middle-aged men give up business as politicians (or company-promoters) they appear to turn to journalism as ducks turn to water, and, in our opinion, while this fact may be "bully" for middle-aged gentlemen, it is very bad for journalism. For one mercy, however, all England may be thankful, and that is that President Roosevelt does not appear to have been invited to come over and edit the *Pall-Mall Gazette*.

The Women's National Anti-Suffrage League may not have distinguished itself by means of unseemly processions or mad proposals to "rush" the House of Commons, but there can be no doubt that it is doing an excellent work and a work which requires to be done. The League is not only opposed to the Suffragist methods, but it is also opposed to the Suffragist principles. It proclaims itself to be an "association independent of party formed for the purpose of resisting the proposal to admit women to the Parliamentary franchise and to Parliament." Nothing could be simpler or less involved, and to our mind nothing could be more admirable. For the faith that is in them the members have ample justification. The arguments on the other side have been stated and restated in and out of season by all sorts of irresponsible persons, and it is a question whether there is a Suffragist in the kingdom who could say definitely what it really is that she wants. Consequently the Anti-Suffrage League's short and simple explanation of its policy is quite refreshing. Whatever may be the desires of the Suffragists, the Anti-Suffragists do not desire the Parliamentary Franchise or the admission of women to Parliament. Here are the main reasons why this League opposes the concession of the vote for which the Suffragists so shriek. We print them at length because we consider that they deserve the fullest publicity and the fullest consideration from women of whatever degree or condition:

(a) The spheres of men and women, owing to natural causes, are essentially different, and therefore their share in the public management of the State should be different.

(b) The complex modern State depends for its very existence on naval and military power, diplomacy, finance, and the great mining, constructive, shipping and transport industries, in none of which can women take any practical part. Yet it is upon these matters, and the vast interests involved in them, that the work of Parliament largely turns.

(c) By the concession of the local government vote, and the admission of women to County and Borough Councils, the nation has opened a wide sphere of public work and influence to women which is within their powers. To make proper use of it, however, will tax all the energies that women have to spare, apart from the care of the home and the development of the individual life.

(d) The influence of women in social causes will be diminished rather than increased by the possession of the Parliamentary vote. At present they stand, in matters of social reform, apart from and beyond party politics, and are listened to accordingly. The legitimate influence of women in politics—in all classes, rich and poor—will always be in proportion to their education and common sense. But the deciding power of the Parliamentary vote should be left to men, whose physical force is ultimately responsible for the conduct of the State.

(e) All the reforms which are put forward as reasons for

the vote can be obtained by other means than the vote, as is proved by the general history of the laws relating to women and children during the past century. The channels of public opinion are always freely open to women. Moreover, the services which women can with advantage render to the nation in the field of social and educational reform, and in the investigation of social problems, have been recognised by Parliament. Women have been included in Royal Commissions, and admitted to a share in local government. The true path of progress seems to lie in further development along these lines. Representative women, for instance, might be brought into closer consultative relation with Government departments, in matters where the special interests of women are concerned.

(f) Any measure for the enfranchisement of women must either (1) concede the vote to women on the same terms as to men, and thereby in practice involve an unjust and invidious limitation; or (2) by giving the vote to wives of voters tend to the introduction of political differences into domestic life; or (3) by the adoption of adult suffrage, which seems the inevitable result of admitting the principle, place the female vote in an overpowering majority.

(g) Finally, the danger which might arise from the concession of woman-suffrage, in the case of a State burdened with such complex and far-reaching responsibilities as England, is out of all proportion to the risk run by those smaller communities which have adopted it. The admission to full political power of a number of voters debarred by nature and circumstances from the average political knowledge and experience open to men would weaken the central governing forces of the State, and be fraught with peril to the country. Women who hold these views must now organise in their support.

Persons desirous of joining the League should communicate with the Secretary, Caxton House, Tothill Street, Westminster S.W.

HARMONIES

No hammer fell, no heavy axe was heard
When Earth was formed, but Alleluias rang,
And all the morning stars together sang;
And when she was espoused to the Word,
Angelic throats and wings moved as one bird
In melody. And still where water falls,
Or forest creature to its fellow calls,
Or leaf is fluttered, there is music stirred.
And yet the fragrant lily silent blows,
With head bent down to catch the bee's low bruit,
So may my tuneless spirit as she grows
Respond unto the Lord, though she be mute,
Obedient as Ilion's walls, that rose
In soundless beauty to Apollo's lute.

ANNA BUNSTON.

We have heard nothing further from Mr. Watts-Dunton, and we therefore presume that our article of last week concerning his sonnets got through the press without misprints. We consider that on the whole Mr. Watts-Dunton's attitude in the matter is admirable. He has refrained from defending an indifferent bit of work, and nobody will think the worse of him for so refraining. We should have liked to have had from him some expression of opinion on certain of the general issues which were raised, but probably Mr. Watts-Dunton's opinions are too valuable to be wasted in a mere letter. On one point—which however has nothing to do with sonnets—it is our duty to set ourselves right. In our first article we commented upon the "sudden appearance of Mr. Watts-Dunton at the camp-fire of the *Saturday Review*." We find, however, that he is really an old contributor to the paper, and naturally he is a valued contributor. We hope that he will long continue his connection with both the *Saturday* and the *Athenæum*, and we regret that we should have supposed him to be a new recruit to the staff of the former journal.

CORRESPONDENCE

SUFFRAGITIS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your comments on the "Rush" fiasco I notice you say nothing of the brave "Suffragettes in trousers" who were to sweep the police aside. Evidently these thought it safer to reserve their energy for the Queen's Hall, when "men and women shouted for Christabel." For that matter, if the authorities were to let Rayner out the Albert Hall could be filled with fanatics shouting for George, for there are many people who hold that when a person is murdering it is "the whitest and purest moment of his life." Even poor old Jane Cakebread could have got applause if she had stepped on a public platform during her celebrity. There are individuals who will cheer anybody and believe anything, even that Mr. Horace Smith has sentenced a Suffragette to six months' imprisonment.

ARCH. G.

"INVERTED FEET"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Even in contemporary poets the actual pronunciation of words is sometimes doubtful—much more with those of earlier date. Where pronunciation has actually changed, what the Greeks called *anastrophe* may very well have been at work, as Mr. Burd suggests in his letter. "Into" and "unto" seem to have thus definitely changed their accentuation, for which reason I avoided quoting them. "Until," on the other hand, has not followed suit. In the two lines quoted by Mr. Burd—viz.:

Give praise and thanks *unto* the Lord.
And there he rested *until* ten—

sing-song recitation would emphasise the second syllable of "unto," the first of "until." The former probably represents prose pronunciation at the time when its line was written; the latter does not, and may therefore be treated as a case of actual "inversion" or "anastrophisation," though I should say the recession of accent was partial and incomplete.

But whatever truth there may be in this doctrine, it seems far too narrow to cover all the cases cited in my two papers. What light does it throw on phrases like "the dead coal of war," a cadence so often used by Shelley, as in this line:

O weep for Adonais! *The quick dreams . . . ?*

How does it explain the occurrence in so-called trochaic verse of such beginnings as (Tennyson, "A Dirge"):

The frail bluebell peereth over.
The balm-cricket carols clear?

How does it help us in dealing with trisyllabic words like *vine-bunches*, *well-water*, *Haymarket*, or with such quadrisyllables as *devastating* and *omnipresence*? Something much wider seems indicated by these: a determination on the part of poets to get behind word-accent altogether, to treat it as secondary and not primary, thereby showing themselves wiser than many of their critics.

As if to demonstrate superiority to fixed rules of word-accent, our poets not seldom repeat the same word at short intervals, giving it once what seems natural accentuation and once what seems "wrenched." Thus Milton writes:

Ordain'd *without* redemption, *without* end;
and Shelley, still more boldly:

A divine presence in a place divine.

Browning has:

I saved his wife
Against law: against law he slays her now;

and Palgrave:

The unknown future lies
Hid in the God unknown.

It is easy to see how a word like "unknown" can carry either accentuation, but not easy to see how the same applies to a word like "divine."

The true explanation is surely approached by Mr. Burd in his remark on Shelley's line:

I love all that thou lovest.

He says that the emphasis we place on "thou" removes the accent from "lovest." I prefer to say that it tends to withdraw attention from that accent, reducing it to insignificance. Whatever the cause in particular cases, the effect is as now stated; and it is with the effect that prosodists are mainly concerned. Some such principle as this, capable of very wide application, I tried to suggest in my second paper, and shall be glad to see it further discussed.

T. S. OMOND.

PS.—I write in haste, at a distance from books.

BIRKBECK COLLEGE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The new scheme of government for Birkbeck College which was published some days ago meets with the strong disapproval of students and past students of the College.

The clause setting forth the objects of the College is ridiculous in its inaccuracy and painful in its reference to the supposed social status of the students. The work of the College is to provide courses of instruction for the degrees of the University of London, and it is not, as might have been gathered from the published scheme, a polytechnic of low order and rather frivolous aims.

There is strong objection to the clauses providing for the government of the College. Co-optation is introduced, and this is considered to be objectionable not only in principle but in practice. It is considered that the government of the College should be vested mainly in the graduates of the University who have been educated at the College, and that provision should be made for the representation of women and of students.

A petition to the Board of Education is being prepared praying for reconsideration of the scheme, which, in its present form, is likely not only to hamper the work of the College but to prejudice the claims of the College to recognition as a school of the University.

The publication of this letter is requested in order that any past students with whom it has been impossible to get into touch may know that the petition may be signed in the Students' Common-room at the College.—On behalf of the Students' Union,

S. W. HOOD, President.

K. M. HEARN, Hon. Secretary.

Birkbeck College, Bream's Buildings, E.C., Students' Union,
October 20, 1908.

BOOKS RECEIVED

CLASSICS

Four New Vols. of "The King's Classics." Chatto and Windus, 1s. 6d. net per vol.

Dante's Vita Nuova, with Rosselli's Version. Edited by H. Oelsner. Chatto and Windus, 1s. 6d. net.

POETRY

Nature Poems and Others. W. H. Davies. Fifield, 1s. net.

Count Louis, and other Poems. H. H. Schloesser. Fifield, 1s. net.

DRAMA

Faust. Freely adapted from Goethe's Dramatic Poem. By Stephen Phillips and J. Comyns Carr. Macmillan, 4s. 6d. net.

HISTORY

Things Seen in China. J. R. Chitty. Seeley, 2s. net.

The History of Richmondshire. Edmund Bogg. E. Stock, 7s. 6d. net.

Venice: its Individual Growth from the Earliest Beginning to the Fall of the Republic. Pompeo Molmenti. Translated by Horatio F. Brown. *The Decadence.* Vols. I. and II. Murray, 21s. net.

EDUCATIONAL

Rab and his Friends. John Brown. A. and C. Black, 6d.

Blackie's Picture Lessons in English. Book IV. A. and C. Black, 6d.

Great Deeds on Land and Sea. Rev. W. Fitchett. A. and C. Black, 6d.

Readings in English Literature. E. W. Edmunds, M.A., and Frank Spooner, B.A. Junior, Senior, and Intermediate Courses. Vol. III. Nineteenth Century, 1780-1880. Murray. Junior Course, 2s. 6d.; Senior Course, 3s. 6d.; Intermediate Course, 2s. 6d.

The Story of English Literature. Vol. III. Nineteenth Century, 1780-1880. E. W. Edmunds and Frank Spooner. Murray, 3s. 6d.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

The Toil of Life. Francis Stopford. Walter Scott Publishing Co., 5s.

JUVENILE

The Changeling. Sir Digby Piggott. Witherby, 2s. 6d. net.

From Powder Monkey to Admiral. W. H. Kingston. Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d.

The Little City of Hope. F. M. Crawford. Macmillan, 5s. net.

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